Sometimes things turn out better than expected.

This happened to me Sunday night.
I accompanied members of our youth group
and some of the teenagers from the Emergency Youth Shelter
to a rock concert.

Most of you know that I like country music
(traditional country, preferably cowboy).
I have never been to a rock concert in my life
and was not looking forward to the event.

But I realize that those of you who are parents
make innumerable kinds of sacrifices for your children,
so, why shouldn’t I put up with screeching guitars
and busted eardrums for one night?

Well, sometimes things turn out better you expect.

The band playing at this concert was a Catholic rock band
called The Thirsting.
I suspect they might be the only Catholic rock band in the country.
They were in town for beginning-for-the-school year rally
at Holy Cross Academy.
The evening started as I suspected it would:

loud drums, electric guitars and lyrics I couldn’t begin to decipher.

But after the opening act,
the band left the stage and the lead singer
played some acoustic pieces he had composed.

He told the stories behind the songs.

His words were sincere.
His attitude extremely humble.
And his faith was nearly palpable.

He told of praying in front of the Blessed Sacrament one day and,
next to the Tabernacle stood a statue of the Pieta.
As he meditated on the mysteries of the rosary,
he heard Mary speak inside his heart.

She said to him: “Come, hold my son.”

He then played an amazing song that he wrote
tracing events in the life of Mary, beginning at Bethlehem,
saying to the shepherds, “Come, hold my son.”

The Presentation in the Temple
followed the Nativity in Bethlehem.
Here, the eyes of the old priest, Simeon
fill with tears when he catches sight of the Salvation of the World.
Mary places her child in his arms: “Come, hold my son.”
At the end of song,
Mary grieves beneath the cross.
Her son takes his last gasp of breath
and his lifeless body is placed in her arms.
   And, from that place of heartbreak,
   she says to us all, “Come, hold my son.”

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Throughout our lives, she beckons to us, saying, “Come, hold my son.”
   Hold my son close to your heart...every day of your life
   and through all the mysteries of your life,
   the joyful and the sorrowful.

   Through them all she says,
   “Come to me, and hold my son.”

But today, the day of her resurrection,
the day when her body and soul were taken into heaven,
she says, “Come, let my Son hold you.”

Where Mary has gone, we hope to follow.
And today’s feast assures us that
the transition from this life to the next
will be far better than we expect,
far better than anything we can hope,
better than anything we can imagine...
Indeed, as Scripture itself attests:
“eye has not seen, nor can the human mind grasp,
what God has prepared for those who love Him.”

Today,
clothed with the sun
and radiant with the light of Heaven,
Mary says to those who have held her son,
“Come, let my Son hold you.”